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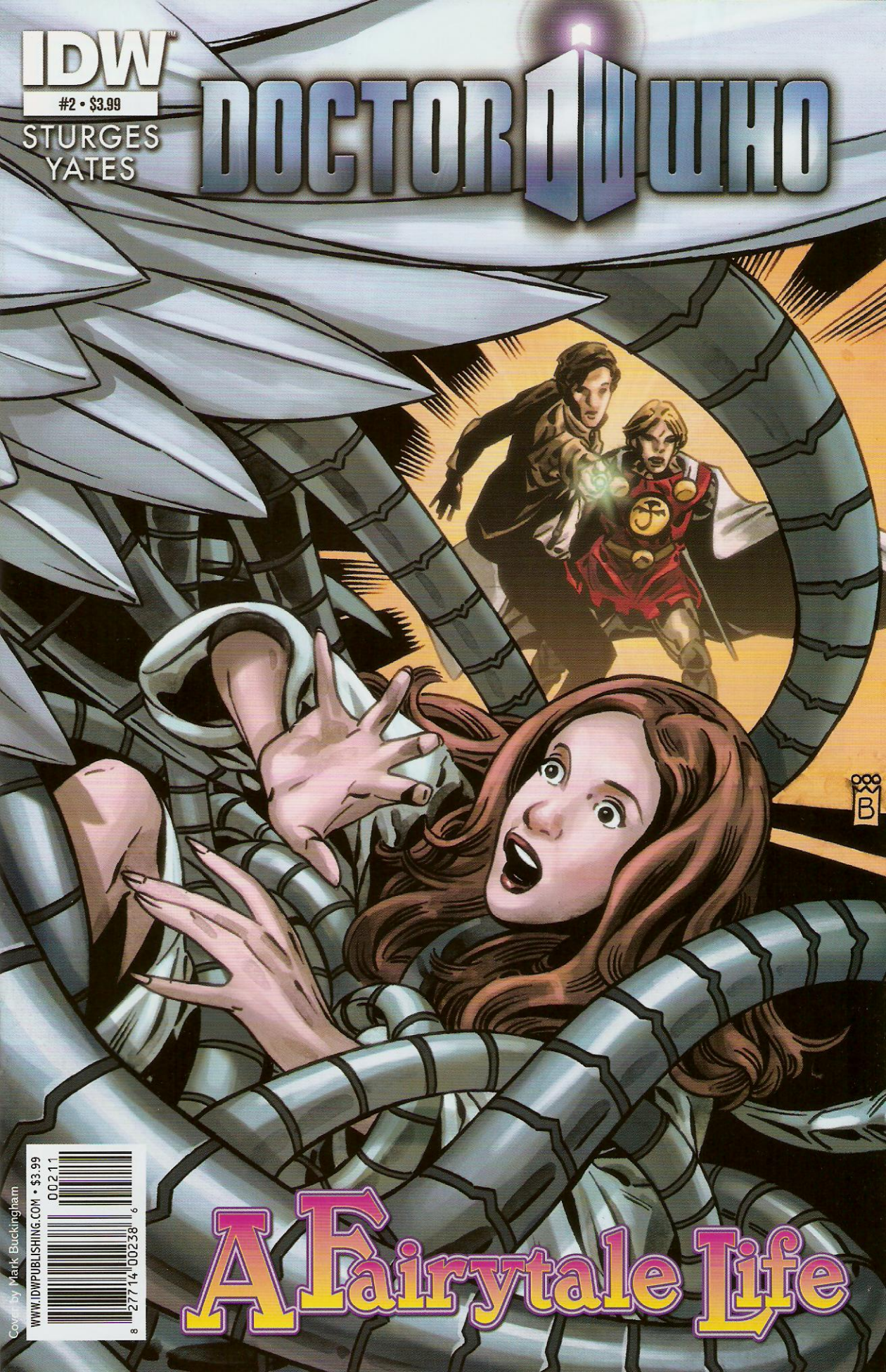
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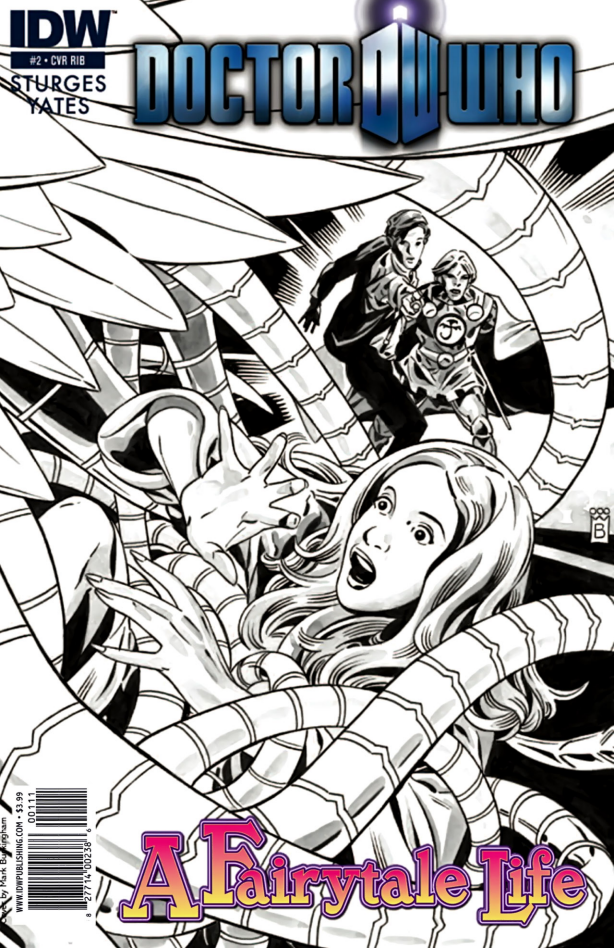
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DOCTOR WHO

A FAIRYTALE LIFE

Part 2 of 4

The story far...

The Doctor and Amy have arrived on the planet Caligaris Epsilon Six, expecting to find a holiday planet modeled after a fairytale world, replete with unicorns and dragons. But fantasy has become reality, and now monstrous creatures called Serpentes prey on the sick and injured. Now with Amy sick herself, the TARDIS missing, and guardsmen hot on their heels, happily ever after doesn't appear to be an option...

Written by Matthew Sturges

Pencils by Kelly Yates

Inks by Brian Shearer

Colors by Rachelle Rosenberg

Lettering by Shawn Lee

Edited by Denton J. Tipton

Cover Checklist:

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Regular Cover
Art by Mark Buckingham
Colors by Phil Elliott



Cover RIA
Art by Amy Mebberson



Cover RIB
Art by Mark Buckingham



Special thanks to Gary Russell, David Turbitt, and Ed Casey for their invaluable assistance.

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THE HOLIDAY WORLD OF
CALIGARIS EPSILON SIX.

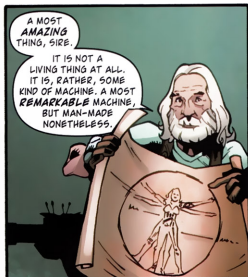
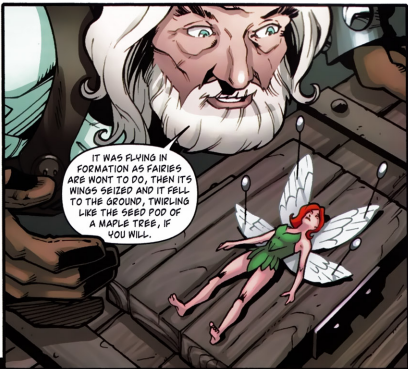
NOW, LET'S NOT
BE HASTY. HASTE
CAUSES ALL SORTS
OF TROUBLE, NOT
THE LEAST OF WHICH
BEING WASTE.

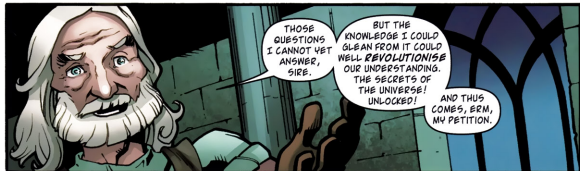






"THIS IS FASCINATING,
MASTER OSRIC. PRAY
CONTINUE."





THOSE QUESTIONS I CANNOT YET ANSWER, SIRE.

BUT THE KNOWLEDGE I COULD GLEAN FROM IT COULD WELL **REVOLUTIONISE** OUR UNDERSTANDING. THE SECRETS OF THE UNIVERSE! UNLOCKED!

AND THUS COMES, BEM, MY PETITION.



I AM INTRIGUED BY WHAT YOU HAVE SHOWN ME. I GRANT YOUR REQUEST, A SUM OF GOLD WITH WHICH YOU MAY FORGO THE FORGE AND PURSUE YOUR STUDIES.

I AM DEEPLY HONORED, SIRE.



COME CLOSER, MASTER OSRIC. I HAVE WORDS FOR ONLY YOUR EARS.

DO YOU EVER SUSPECT, OSRIC, THAT OUR WORLD IS NOT ALL IT APPEARS TO BE?

WHATEVER DO YOU MEAN, SIRE?



YOU TELL ME.

I HAVE THEORIES, SIRE, BUT THEY SOUND MAD EVEN TO ME AT TIMES.

THAT THE MEN OF AGES PAST MIGHT HAVE HAD ACCESS TO LEARNING THAT HAS BEEN LOST. OR HIDDEN FROM US!



CONTINUE YOUR EFFORTS THEN, OSRIC. BUT DO IT DISCREETLY.

THERE ARE SOME WHO WOULD NOT WELCOME NEW IDEAS, DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

I DO, SIRE. I WILL TAKE CARE.





EXACTLY
WHERE DO YOU
COME FROM,
DOCTOR?

ALL OVER,
REALLY. MOST
RECENTLY, THE
STOMACH OF A GIANT
INTERSTELLAR...
WELL, CHICKEN, FOR
WANT OF A BETTER
WORD.



WHICH IS AN
HONEST MISTAKE
THAT COULD HAPPEN
TO ABSOLUTELY
ANYONE.

HISTORY IS RIDDLED
WITH STORIES OF TIME
LORDS LOST FOREVER IN
THE BOWELS OF SPACE
CHICKENS.



AND HOW DID
YOU COME TO
FIND YOURSELF
IN MY CITY?

WE CAME IN
MY SHIP. WELL, IT'S
NOT SO MUCH A SHIP
AS IT IS A LOVELY
BLUE BOX.

I DON'T
SUPPOSE YOU'VE
SEEN IT? TALL?
BLUE? BIGGER ON
THE INSIDE?



I FIND
WHAT YOU SAY
DIFFICULT TO
BELIEVE AT
BEST.

AND YET
YOUR IDENTITY IS
UNKNOWN TO US? HOW
IS SUCH A THING
POSSIBLE?



IF ONLY WE COULD
SKIP TO THE BIT WHERE
EVERYONE SIMPLY DOES
AS I SAY WITHOUT ASKING
A LOT OF PERSONAL
QUESTIONS.

I MUCH
PREFER
THAT BIT.



THIS MAN
IS CLEARLY
MAD.

TAKE HIM TO
THE GAOL AND LET
THE MAGISTRATE
DECIDE HIS
FATE.



BUT
SIRE!

WHAT IF HE
TRULY CAN HELP
AURELIA? AT LEAST
HEAR HIM OUT. FOR
MY SAKE.



ALL RIGHT,
THEN. FOR YOU,
CALLUM. SAY
YOUR PIECE,
DOCTOR.



PEOPLE
HAVE GONE MISSING.
THIS MAN, WHOM YOU
CLEARLY RESPECT,
HAS LOST HIS
DAUGHTER.

I EXCEL IN
FIXING THINGS AND
SAVING PEOPLE. LOADS
OF EXPERIENCE IN
THAT AREA.



GIVE ME A
CHANCE. THAT'S
ALL I ASK.



AND THE BLUE
BOX. I'LL WANT
THAT BACK.

MY COMPANION'S
COME DOWN WITH A
BIT OF A BUG, YOU
SEE, AND—



THE
PEST, SIRE.
SHE'S GOT
THE PEST.



DOCTOR, IF YOUR FRIEND DOES INDEED HAVE THE PEST, THEN SHE IS DEAD ALREADY. NO ADULT CAN SURVIVE IT.

INCLUDING YOU.



IN THAT CASE, LET US GO OFF AND STORM THE DREAD TOWER.

IF WE'RE DEAD ANYWAY, THEN WHERE'S THE RISK?



I WILL TAKE THEM, SIRE. AT FIRST LIGHT I SHALL—

ENOUGH!



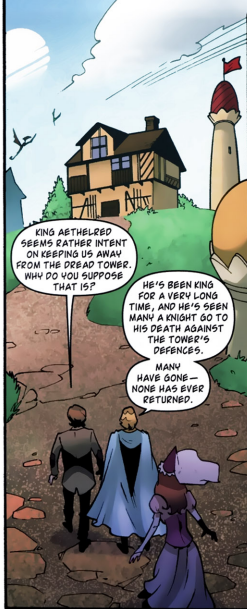
SIR CALLUM, YOU ARE LIKE A SON TO ME. AND I WILL NOT LET MY SON DIE FOR NOTHING, NO MATTER WHAT THIS MADMAN SAYS.



THEN AT LEAST LET ME TAKE THEM TO MY HOME, WHERE THEY MAY DIE IN COMFORT, RATHER THAN IN THE INDIGNITY AND SQUALOR OF THE GAOL.



AS YOU WISH. BUT BE WARNED—WHATEVER FURTHER TROUBLE THEY CAUSE IN THE INTERIM IS ON YOUR HEAD. SON OR NOT.



KING AETHELRED SEEMS RATHER INTENT ON KEEPING US AWAY FROM THE DREAD TOWER. WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT IS?

HE'S BEEN KING FOR A VERY LONG TIME, AND HE'S SEEN MANY A KNIGHT GO TO HIS DEATH AGAINST THE TOWER'S DEFENCES.

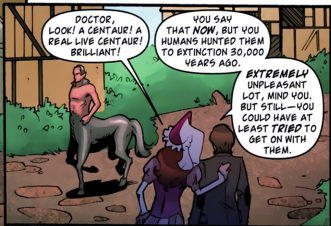
MANY HAVE GONE — NONE HAS EVER RETURNED.



A VERY LONG TIME? JUST OUT OF CURIOSITY, HOW LONG IS VERY LONG?

ALWAYS. AS LONG AS ANYONE CAN REMEMBER.

HE IS THE KING. A KING IS ETERNAL.



DOCTOR, LOOK! A CENTAUR! A REAL LIVE CENTAUR! BRILLIANT!

YOU SAW THAT NOW, BUT YOU HUMANS HUNTED THEM TO EXTINCTION 30,000 YEARS AGO.

EXTREMELY UNPLEASANT LOT, MIND YOU. BUT STILL — YOU COULD HAVE AT LEAST TRIED TO GET ON WITH THEM.



TELL ME, CALLUM. WHAT SORT OF DEFENCES HAS THIS TOWER GOT?



THEY'RE FORMIDABLE TO SAY THE LEAST.

OGRS, CYCLOPS, AND WORST OF ALL, THE BLACK DRAGON. THE DRAGON IS ESPECIALLY DANGEROUS BECAUSE —

DOCTOR?



I'M FEELING A WEE BIT UNDER THE WEATHER.

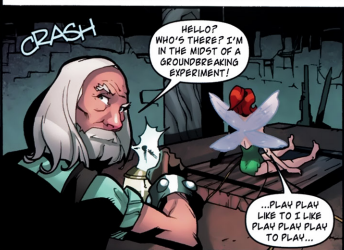
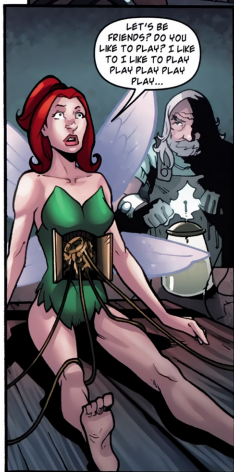
















AMV! CAN YOU HEAR ME?!

DAMN! WHY DON'T PEOPLE EVER PICK UP WHEN YOU REALLY NEED THEM TO?



WHAT SORT OF SPELLCRAFT IS THAT?

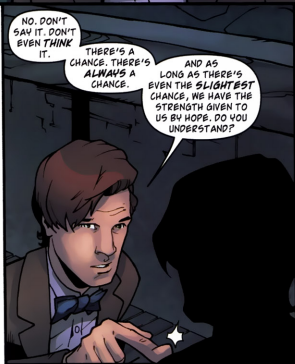
MAGIC EAR... THINGY. HARD TO EXPLAIN.

EITHER SHE CAN'T REACH HER OWN EARPIECE OR THE SIGNAL'S BEING BLOCKED.



THERE'S A THIRD OPTION AND WE SHOULD BOTH BE PREPARED FOR IT.

SHE MAY ALREADY BE—



NO. DON'T SAY IT. DON'T EVEN THINK IT.

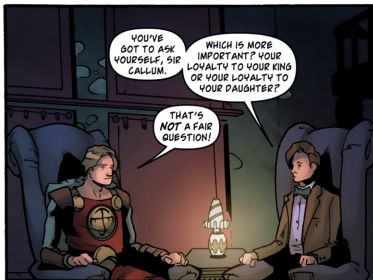
THERE'S A CHANCE. THERE'S ALWAYS A CHANCE.

AND AS LONG AS THERE'S EVEN THE SLIGHTEST CHANCE, WE HAVE THE STRENGTH GIVEN TO US BY HOPE. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?



BUT WHAT AM I TO DO, DOCTOR?

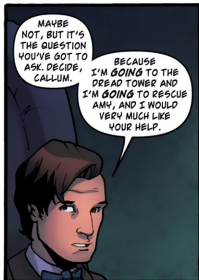
THE KING GAVE ME A DIRECT ORDER, AND I AM HIS KNIGHT!



YOU'VE GOT TO ASK YOURSELF, SIR CALLUM.

WHICH IS MORE IMPORTANT? YOUR LOYALTY TO YOUR KING OR YOUR LOYALTY TO YOUR DAUGHTER?

THAT'S NOT A FAIR QUESTION!



MAYBE NOT, BUT IT'S THE QUESTION YOU'VE GOT TO ASK. DECIDE, CALLUM.

BECAUSE I'M GOING TO THE DREAD TOWER AND I'M GOING TO RESCUE AMY, AND I WOULD VERY MUCH LIKE YOUR HELP.



THEN I WILL GO WITH YOU. I'D RATHER DIE A TRAITOR WITH A DAUGHTER THAN AN HONORABLE MAN ALONE.

BRILLIANT. THAT'S SORTED.



OF COURSE, TO PROVE YOURSELF WORTHY OF QUESTING WITH ME, YOU'LL HAVE TO DEFEAT ME IN SINGLE COMBAT FIRST.

WHAT? SERIOUSLY?



NO, OF COURSE NOT. BUT YOU SHOULD SEE THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE!

I LIKE YOU, CALLUM. A MAN WHO LAUGHS IN THE FACE OF DEATH IS EITHER A VERY BRAVE MAN, OR A LUNATIC.

JUST LIKE ME.



LIKE YOU HOW? DO YOU MEAN YOU'RE A BRAVE MAN OR THAT YOU'RE A LUNATIC?

EXACTLY.





FOR THE SAFETY
OF THE POPULATION,
YOUR LIFE WILL NOW
BE TERMINATED.

YOU WILL FEEL
NO PAIN.

TO BE CONTINUED!

NEXT MONTH PART 3

A Fairytale Life

